CAMPBELL PRESS

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Current Comment

Life in the newspaper business seems to be just one column after another—and they all look alike. Some of them, however, possess the virtue of being better than others. This particular "string" is not going to be so good, because this morning there seems to be naught but a vacuum where the old brain usually reposes—and who but a United States senator can conjure words of wisdom from a blank skull?

A man and his wife successfully repelled two bandits who tried to hold up their service station. Considerable lead was exchanged, both Mr. and Mrs. Shrdlu wielding pistols more or less dextrously. A couple of weeks ago a San Jose man slew a second class road agent, and last week a reserve officer met death at the hands of two men who attempted to hold up a bay district bank. The officer went down fighting—but it seems that he made a fatal error—that of trying to down two gents who had the drop on him. We advocate the protection of person and property from the onslaughts of criminals—if you can manage to render that protection without sacrificing your life. It is suicide to try to nail a lad who already has a gun in your ribs. If you have any doubt about your ability to "pistol-whip" a robber, let him have the roll, the watch and the hand-painted miniature of Aunt Emma. You can always make more money—but a lead slug in the stomach usually proves too much for the digestive juices of that organ. On the other hand, if you get a break and have efficient armament, cut loose on Mr. Bandit—and don't feel bad if you happen to kill him.

Did you know that during the sessions of almost every state and national legislature some half-wit introduces a bill designed to disarm the citizens of the state or nation? It's a fact. They would make it unlawful to possess a pistol. The idea is, of course, that if it was against the law to own a gun, the bandits would immediately troop to the nearest police station and surrender their pistols, sawed-off shotguns, machine guns, or what have you. Don't let those fanatics kid you. If you become aware of an attempt to pass such a law, write your senator about it if you do not desire to find yourself in the position of New Yorkers who must, according to law, go unarmed in a city which harbors thousands of criminals, all of whom are armed to the teeth. The best way to curb crime at the point of a gun is to increase the punishment for such offense. For instance, a thug sentenced to 15 years imprisonment on a conviction of highway robbery, no gun involved, should get 30 years if he employed a gun of any kind. Such a law would discourage much of the indiscriminate killing now indulged in by the fraternity of criminals.

We have heard a few protests against the prices being asked for admission to the Old Settlers Day evening performance, a minstrel show to be put on by the Kiwanis club. The prices seem fair enough when one considers the excellence of the bill, which includes individual artists and an act of unquestionable worth. None of these performers would care to give their time and talent to the undertaking if somebody wasn't going to make money out of the show—and that has always been the primary object of this entertainment; to raise money with which to defray the expenses of the day. The balance is usually split between the chamber of commerce and the organization that puts on the show. Like Christmas, it comes but once a year, so let's all loosen up and play Santa Claus. We'll get the worth of our money, all right.

In this issue of the Press you will read an account of an attack by a dog upon the person of a local school youngsters. If you own a dog, it would be a good idea to heed the warning appended to the account. Dogs of uncertain temper should be kept at home or put out of the way.

That's all.

DRESS REHEARSALS PRESAGE SUCCESS OF 'CHARM SCHOOL'

Final rehearsals of the high school senior play, "Charm Srhool," indirate an unusually good offering in this class of entertainment. The cast, Elmer Sundquist, Eugene Moore, Kenneth Beer, Ed Hubbard, Harold Gardner, Vesta Anderson, Helen Bock, Virginia Tressler, Dorothy Burton, Mildred Tanner, Harriet Barnes, Loraine Ribisi, Iris York, Ruth Bollinger, Fay Lovell, Kathryn Eitzer, Nadine Wendt and Mildred Smith, under the able direction of Miss Ruth Johnson, is this week perfecting its lines in dress rehearsal and all is reported in readiness for the raising of the curtain at 8:15 this Thursday evening.

Approximately 500 of the 600 tickets have already been sold. Good seats are still available according to the management of the production, and may be had from any senior of the local high school.

A Correction

The Press wishes to correct a misstatement published in last week's issue which said that the price per acre of proposed site no. 1 for the high school was $2,500. The proper figure is $2,000 an acre, and it is understood by the board that the owner of this land is further prepared to allow a five per cent commission accrue to the district in the event they agree to buy his land. The commission would take the form of a five per cent reduction.

The Editor.

TROUPERS OPEN AT THE CASINO

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Barlett of Campbell, renowned acrobats, are opening Thursday at the Casino theater in San Francisco. They have a new "airplane" act, the like of which has never before appeared on the vaudeville stage. Advance notices give the act much praise and predict a long run for the popular Barletts.

GLEN ROWE, 12, ATTACKED BY DOG

Glen Rowe, 12-year-old son of Gus Rowe, asistant janitor at the high school, was attacked and severely bitten on the leg by a stray dog last Thursday while going to school. Glen had just left the post office and was running to catch up with his sister when he was attacked. He was immediately rushed to the office of Dr. F. R. Anderson where first aid treatment was rendered and from there taken to the county hospital to undergo the Pasteur treatment. It was believed that the dog may have had rabies.

The dog apparently belonged to no one and after having caused much fright among the school children was killed by Officer Barnes shortly after the attack.

Former Campbellite Moves To Islands

Mabel Wiesendanger Phillips, a graduate of the Campbell High school and of the University of California, who has been working in the laboratory of the Davis Agricultural school, has left for the Philippine islands with her husband, Lawrence Phillips, who is employed by the C. P. C.

Word has been received that they have arrived in Hawaii, where they intend to spend six months. Mr. Phillips is doing research work preparatory to his investigation of the proper soil and propigation of improved varieties of pineapples in the Philippines.

Mrs. Phillips is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wiesendanger and is well known in Campbell.

ROAD COMMITTEE INTERVIEWS FOLK WEST OF TOWN

A road committee representing the chamber of commerce, high and grammar schools, Kiwanis club and Vineland improvement club has interviewed most of the residents on West Rincon and McCoy avenues urging the proper pruning of trees projecting over these highways. Almost unanimous co-operation was secured as the owners will do a more satisfactory job than might be done by the road workers.

Supervisor Cooley was interviewed and promises to begin work of improving these and Pollard road at an early date. This will be good news as these roads are now very rough in places, making transportation, especially in school buses, very expensive. Those on the committee are S. N. Hedegard, George Burrow and H. C. Smith.

Mrs. Carrie Silver Is Hostess To Stitching Club Friday Afternoon

Mrs. Carrie Silver noble grand of the Ada Rebekah lodge, entertained at an elaborate luncheon at the I. O. O. F. hall Friday afternoon. Twenty-three members and several visitors were present.

Before luncheon was served a brief business meeting of the Ada Rebekah Stitching club was held, Mrs. Beulah Covey presiding. At this time the officers new regalia was worked on.

The color scheme was in pink and white. The table was most beautifully decorated with bowls of pink carnations and ferns with a pink and white paper tablecloth that was arranged to look like real damask.

The next meeting of the Stitching club will be with Mrs. James Burns and Mrs. L. E. Eddlemon as hostesses.

Rev. J. H. Bennett went to Berkeley today to attend the interdenominational conference in session for three days. Noted pastors from all parts of the world were among the speakers.

Valentine Frolic—Feb. 14, 7:30 o'clock at the M. E. Church.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hurlburt were guests at Judge Blain's home Saturday evening. They were enroute to Oakland.

Lester Brackett, the steeplejack of the county, is nursing a sprained ankle, the result of a fall. He stepped off a two-inch plank. Too much altitude.

Husbands' Night Party Staged By Country Women Last Night

Husbands and other guests enjoyed the hospitality of the Country Woman's club last evening when an interesting program was staged for their benefit at the community hall. Bowls of greenery and the brilliant "Lions Tails" with the stage settings for two one act plays gave a very homey and hospitable air to the room.

Miss Annie Schulte was the chairman, ably assisted by Mesdames Charles Sutter, George Burrow and A. D. Rice as committee, and other members of the club.

The Orchard City Grange orchestra, which many present had not previously heard, was thoroughly enjoyed in the several numbers which they played in two groups.

The first of the two plays was "The Acid Test," a comedy presented by Mrs. E. I. Price and Miss Schulte, which left the company in a gale of laughter.

Mrs. Herbert Shadle, who is always a welcome addition to an entertainment, sang "Adoration" and "Sing Me To Sleep." W. C. Bohnett played violin obligatos and Mrs. G. S. Robson was accompanist.

The second play, "Sardines," included a larger cast, Mrs. Sutter, Mrs. L. J. Carboni, Mrs. T. A. Cutting, Mrs. Emma Dalvit and Mrs. R. H. Hyde. This was also a comedy, owing to the well portrayed characters. The closing number consisted of two solos by L. J. Carboni, a member of the Richards club, whose deep bass voice is too seldom heard in Campbell. His selections were "The Wanderer" and "All Through the Night." Mrs. Carboni was at the piano.

Dainty refreshments were served during the hour of visiting which followed. Many expressions of a wish that the event be repeated another year were voiced by guests and hostesses.

The next meeting of the club will be on the regular date, the third Monday, Feb. 17.

The Harold Smith family left Thursday for New York where Mr. Smith will work on his doctor's thesis at Columbia.

Miss Abbie Sykes, who was a guest of Mrs. H. P. Bean of Williams road over the week-end, sang a pretty solo at the Congregational church Sunday morning.

Helen and Frank Ferro attended the graduation exercises of the Palo Alto high school last Friday. Delma Carpenter, a friend of theirs, was a member of the class.

THREE HUNDRED ATTEND GRANGE MEET TUES. NIGHT

Three hundred persons were in attendance at the regular meeting of the Orchard City Grange last Tuesday evening at the high school annex.

A short business meeting was held, over which S. N. Hedegard, worthy master ,presided with the visiting worthy master in the seat of honor. Each visitor gave a short talk. During the session several candidates were elected to membership.

Following the business session the pleasure hours were open to the public and a program given by the Morgan Hill Grange. The Grange traveling tractor was presented to the Orchard City aggregation by the Morgan Hill chapter. From the local Grange the tractor is to be sent to the Mountain View Grange.

A skit was put on very cleverly by the young people of the Morgan Hill Grange, also solos, duets and orchestral selections were gratefully received. After the program sandwiches, cake and coffee were served. A dance, with music by the Grange orchestra rounded out a very enjoyable evening.

Gomez-Yerkovich Wedding Sunday

At noon, Sunday, Jan. 26, Miss Jennie Yerkovich became the bride of Joseph Gomes. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Antone Yerkovich of Winchester road. The wedding took place at St. Lucy's church with the Rev. McGuare solemnizing the vows.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gomes of Hamilton avenue. They are pioneer ranchers of this district. Joseph Gomes is a graduate of Stanford university and is now an attorney at law.

The wedding ceremony was beautiful Ann Yerkovich, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Jennie Yerkovich, a cousin, was the bridesmaid. Peter, the bride's brother, was best man. Dan Furtado, the groom's cousin, was the man of honor. Chester Yerkovich and Rudolph Nerich served as ushers. Mary Talia carried the bride's veil.

After the ceremony a wedding dinner was served, at which over 150 friends and relatives were seated at five long tables very prettily decorated for the occasion. dancing was enjoyed during the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Gomes are spending their honeymoon in the south.

THREE DAY GOLF TOURNEY STARTS SATURDAY, FEB. 8

Golf teams of the Campbell and Los Gatos Kiwanis clubs will come to grips on the La Riconda course Saturday in the first of a series of three matches to be played on successive Saturdays. The first meeting is match play at handicap; the following Saturday the exponents of pasture pool will stage a "Santa Claus" match in which all puts are conceded. The last stage of the bout is for some reason called a "blithering" match. In it the players will produce all the noise possible when their opponents are shooting.

Defending the honor of local Kiwanis are Hal Morton, captain; Ralph Hyde, Carl Field, Roy Archibald, William Lloyd and Guy Farley.

Conjecture is rife among the Tuesday lunchers with practically no money in sight for either team.

Warning

The state laboratory at Berkeley reported that although there were not conclusive signs of rabies in the dog which severely bit Glen Rowe, still it was suspicious enough to warrant giving pasteur treatment, and this is being done for the boy at the county hospital. All owners of dogs should keep their dogs under close observation for at least three weeks, and if any symptoms of sickness develop call a vetrinarian at once, for it may be that the animal recently shot may have bitten another animal, and on the other hand he in turn may have been contaminated by a dog which is now running at large.

W. I. MERRILL, M. D.
Dep. Health Officer.

P. T. A. FOUNDERS DAY IS OBSERVED

The Grammar School P. T. A. celebrated "Funders Day" today at the school house. Each of the past presidents was honored, Mrs. H. C. Smith, the oldest president, Mrs. W. C. Bohnett and Mrs. S. N. Hedegard were the only ones present. Mrs. George Schuyler of Pacific Grove sent a letter of greeting. Rabbi Cohen of San Jose was the speaker of the afternoon, and he spoke on "Child Welfare."

A silver tea was served in the cafeteria. The honor guests and the speaker were seated at a special table with a large birthday cake upon it. Tickets were sold for the card party Feb. 13.

Baseball Season Will Opens March 21

The basketball season of the district is gradually being drawn to a close. Campbell has done well. The 130's and unlimiteds have just two more games. The first is Feb. 14 at Mountain View and the last Feb. 21 with Fremont.

In the recent game with Gilroy the boys lost with the score at 23-[illegible]e standing was somewhat evened, however, when the unlimiteds won 32 -10. The unlimiteds are now in the lead for championship of this division, having won four consecutive games. All they have to do now is win the next two games.

Baseball season at Campbell hi opens March 21. The team has already begun practice workouts. The schedule for the games is: Santa Clara at Campbell, March 21, at Fremont March 28, Mountain View at Campbell, April 4, Los Gatos at Campbell, April 11, at Live Oak April 25.

Valentine Frolic—Feb. 14, 7:30 o'clock at the M. E. Church.

Mr. Texierra and son of Central avenue have been ill for some time with typhoid fever. Mr. Texierra is improving rapidly and his son is just passing the worst stage.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Henderson were visiting with their mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Paris Henderson over the week-end. The Hendersons are from San Luis Obispo.

Desperate Wives have been known to boil their husbands' pipes in lye. This kills the lingering authority of over-strong tobacco, but good-bye pipe! Well, it's time those husbands discovered Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. It's a blend of choice tobaccos mellowed to a surpassing mildness and flavor, and wrapped in gold foil to keep it *fresh*. And fragrant? Wives positively *love* it.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION, *Louisville, Kentucky*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

Undelivered Goods

"Is there much money used in politics?"

"Comparatively little," answered Senator Sorghum. "But there is a scandalous amount of it wasted."

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolisalve is applied. It heals quickly without scars. 30c and 60c by all druggists, or send 30c to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

Unanimous for Once

"Do you and your wife agree on anything?"

"Yes, we both agree that I don't make enough money."

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

You don't need to employ a trained nurse to nurse a grievance.

Sin may be ugly, but it understands the art of beauty culture.

OLD DOCTOR'S IDEA IS BIG HELP TO ELDERLY PEOPLE

In 1885, Dr. Caldwell made a discovery for which elderly people the world over praise him today!

Years of practice convinced him that many people were endangering their health by a careless choice of laxatives. So he began a search for a harmless prescription which would be thoroughly effective, yet would neither gripe nor form any habit. At last he found it.

Over and over he wrote it, when he found people bilious, headachy, out of sorts, weak or feverish; with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy. It relieved the most obstinate cases, and yet was gentle with women, children and elderly people.

Today, this same famous, effective prescription, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is the world's most popular laxative. It may be obtained from any drugstore

HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

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WNU Service

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Capt. Lion Fellowes' American merchant ship is sunk by a British frigate off Portugal in the War of 1812. The crew surrenders, but Fellowes reaches shore exhausted. His life is saved by an English-speaking girl, who conceals her identity. She is about to set out for Lisbon. Fellowes goes to Lisbon where he meets an acquaintance, Captain Chater of the American ship True Bounty, who offers him a berth as a mate, but knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy, he refuses. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of True Bounty. She is bound for home and induces Fellowes to sail as mate. He is in love with Cara. The vessel is stopped by the British frigate, Badger, Captain Collishawe. Despite his claims to American citizenship, Fellowes is taken aboard the Badger a "pressed" man. He scents treachery and his hatred of Collishawe, Cara's Chater becomes an obsession. While off New York Fellowes escapes. He suspects a plot in a meeting to be held at Chater's home and gathers a company of militia. They beat British sailors in a fight and Collishawe escapes.

CHAPTER VII
—7—
A Nolle Prosequi.

THE glow in the east was deepening. Objects that had been obscure assumed their proper shape. Fellowes' whole being, now that Collishawe had escaped, was concentrated upon the punishment of the three who remained in Chater's house. Climbing the creek bank, he set his face in that direction and led the way across the tramped fields, pausing only when they came upon a rusty-brown sprawl of limbs in a furrow of beet tops. Pallid lips mumbled unhappily:

"D—n militshy! Takes—Continentals—stand—cannon—"

"We can't leave Peirt out here," exclaimed Fellowes. "His wounds must be dressed."

"Nothin' to do for them wounds," grunted Tom. "Looks like he's stopped a roundshot."

"You drove the Britishers, Peirt," Fellowes tried to comfort him. "We'd have been beaten without you."

"Drove 'em—hey?" The wrinkled face lighted. "Jest—like—Saratogy." His breath quickened. "Give 'em—boy'nits—boys—ses I. But—takes—Continentals—"

He sighed faintly, and the light in his face went out.

"Poor old Peirt," Fellowes said sadly. "If we'd had a dozen like him, Collishawe couldn't have escaped. Pick him up, Cuffee. We'll carry him with us."

Cuffee handed Mrs. Rhodes' musket to Tom, and gathered the frail body in his arms, cradling it with a gentleness that was almost maternal.

"Him lil bitty man, but plenty brave," he murmured.

Fellowes strode along absorbed once more in contemplation of his vengeance, unconscious of the ghastly figure he made, plastered with mud and water, his naked torso hideously scarred by the livid welts of the cat.

No one was visible about the house and outbuildings, but a trickle of smoke capped the chimney, and from the barns in the rear came the lowing of cattle, and a great clucking and quacking. Fellowes threw wide the front door, and motioned Cuffee to pass in first. On their right hand, a door stood ajar, and through the crack filtered a shaft of light and an indefinable suggestion of human presence. Fellowes kicked open the door with his bare foot, and again gave precedence to Cuffee.

There was a flutter of movement in the room. "God save us!" exclaimed a man. "Oh, who is he?" cried Cara Inglepin's voice. An asthmatic torrent of Portuguese: "Sanctissima mai a todos os Santos!" And Chater's nasal drawl: "You dhon't need to drip all the blood onto the carpet, nigger."

Fellowes entered after Cuffee, with Tom trampling his heels. He saw Cara Inglepin first, very white-faced and thinner than he remembered her on the True Bounty, in a green frock that accentuated the dusky glory of her hair; and resolutely, tenaciously, he curbed the thrill her beauty inspired. He hated this woman, he reminded himself. What right had she to rouse in him desire or satisfaction?

She sat on a sofa by the fireplace with a man he recognized as her father. Benjamin Inglepin was a stout, ruddy gentleman. He was dressed, as became a prominent Federalist, in the fashion of the elder century, black satin breeches and dresscoat, Mechlin stock and jabot, white silk stockings and varnished pumps with silver buckles. The faces of father and daughter revealed a mingling of fright and compassion. Chater leaned against the mantelshelf, chewing a cigarro, his wily visage doing its best to mirror indifference. The duenna crouched in a corner, her broad face woebegone, her fingers plucking at a rosary.

Fellowes bowed ironically toward the sofa.

"I am loath to incommode you," he said, "but we require a temporary resting place for the body of an American soldier."

Cara Inglepin was on her feet in a second; her father rose more slowly.

"You?" she cried, her face a study in emotions. "How came you here? He said you were on the Badger!" She clutched Ben Inglepin's arm. "Father, 'tis Lion—Lion Fellowes! James must have fetched him ashore, after all."

Inglepin was nonplused, and made no attempt to hide it. Chater's jaw dropped, and he went as tallowy as the duenna, who wheezed a reiterated: "Sanctissima!"

"No, I assure you, Captain Collishawe had nothing to do with my being here," Fellowes denied.

"But he promised me you should be set ashore in the next cartel."

Fellowes laughed, and she shrank from that laugh as from a blow.

"You don't believe me!"

"I fear I do not, ma'am."

"Oh, you must!" There was a frantic note in her voice. "I have suffered more than you can know. But 'twas a mistake! James—Captain Collishawe—he had seen you in New York. He knew officers who had been at Eton with you. He was persuaded you were truly a British subject. And he misunderstood something Captain Chater said."

"I'll swear he did," Fellowes assented mockingly. "How of that, Chater? What was your—error?"

"Why, ye heard what I said to him on deck," responded the True Bounty's master.

"Ah, but below decks?"

"Well, naow — Tarnation, Fellowes, he asked me was it true ye was born in London, and all that. And I said 'twas. And afore I could say more he cut me off."

"A fair story," Fellowes applauded. "And where were you, ma'am?"

She regarded him gravely.

"My duenna was quite ill of the sea-sickness, and called me from the cabin."

Fellowes remembered the duenna's face at the cabin port as he left the True Bounty, and his impression of her ejaculation in English. He wheeled upon the stolid creature.

"Is that true?" he snapped.

She eyed him with imponderable calm, gabbling a phrase in Portuguese.

"She has no English," said Miss Inglepin. "You must know that."

"I am not so sure," returned Fellowes. "There is a deal of—misinformation abroad in this room."

Ben Inglepin seemed to think the time had come to assert himself.

"You are entitled to a sense of injustice, Captain Fellowes," he said courteously; "and I hold myself to blame that you should have been pressed from my ship. But indeed, sir, you'll not find us backward in making amends, and I assure you the whole sorry affair was founded upon misunderstanding." Captain Collishawe confessed himself in the wrong tonight in this very room."

Fellowes stared at him with a contempt that set atwitching the wattles under the merchant's chin.

"Frankly, sir, I do not believe you."

"Tush, Captain Fellowes, as one gentleman to another—"

"What has gentility to do with it, sir? I am an American—who has been wronged. And I have yet to ask you to explain Captain Collishawe's presence here. This poor old man—" he nodded to Cuffee's burden—"gave him life to thwart the treason you plotted."

"Him Lil Bitty Man, but Plenty Brave," He Murmured.

Inglepin changed color.

"Treason! 'Tis a strong word," Chater exclaimed angrily:

"No man can't say that 'baout me! I'm as good as ye by any day, Fellowes."

"Doubtle you'll have no difficulty in so convincing the Federal authorities," Fellowes observed.

"It can be explained, sir," Inglepin protested eagerly. "The thoughtless deed of a rash young man."

"Acting upon his admiral's instructions."

"No, no! A personal matter." Mr. Inglepin became ruddier, as though short of wind. "Most unfortunate, most unfortunate! My daughter—you see, the fact is—"

He glanced toward her appealingly, and she made a little gesture of resignation.

"He came to see me, Mr. Fellowes."

"I question it not, ma'am."

She hesitated, blushing rosy-red, and Chater interjected:

"Collishawe's daft over her."

"A lover's tryst," sneered Fellowes. "That's the tale, now!"

"Need we dispute over it, sir?" she asked with dignity. "We seem all to forget that death is present with us, and deserves somewhat of respect."

"Even a dead American, who was sacrificed for a nest of traitors?" he queried sarcastically, turning to assist Cuffee.

"Does it matter for what a man dies, if it be only what he believes—Oh!" Her voice shrilled in a scream. "Your back! Your back!"

One hand flew to her mouth as if to contain the sobs that rattled in her throat; the other was extended shakily toward Fellowes, who, in turning, had exposed his striped back and flanks to the glare of the candles in the wall-sconces. The agony in her face was unmistakable.

"Oh, Father!" she wailed. "How dreadful! That was what he meant—when he spoke of punishment."

Fellowes fronted her again, stirred, despite himself, by the genuineness of her emotion, provoked that he should be.

"'Twas only a hundred lashes," he said. "Is it so much worse than you looked for?"

She shuddered.

"How you must hate me!" There was no trace of belligerence in her manner. "I am proud, too. A hundred lashes! I should hate—But words are cheap, sir."

"They have their price," Fellowes agreed coldly. "'Tis lamentable a lesser injustice should breed a greater, but those who deal in injustice may not complain if their victims rebel against the larger portion."

"Injustice!" She swayed. "Ah, if I might make you see. Oh, Father, I said ill should come of this, and sure 'tis here. He does well to hate me," she panted. "That back! How can men— Oh, there are stripes on my soul will never fade!"

And she collapsed in a crumpled, green mass on the turkey carpet.

There was a sudden tense silence in the crowded parlor. Then Inglepin bent over his daughter, and the duenna swept across the floor, a purposeful glint in her beady eyes. Fellowes motioned Cuffee toward the dining room.

"They will require the sofa for the lady. Lay Sergeant Peirt on the table. Tom, you stand guard at the door here. And remember, no one is to pass out."

"Nonsense, Captain Fellowes!" Inglepin abandoned his daughter to the capable attentions of the duenna. "We must remove this girl to her bedroom."

"Not for the present, sir. None of you leaves this room without being searched—or until after the house has been searched."

"Mighty high-handed, ain't ye?" whined Chater. And Inglepin slammed a plump fist into a plump palm.

"By Heavens, young man, you go too far! I may be a Federalist in a state governed by Democratic banditti, but you'll learn I'm not without either friends or influence. Search, and be d—d to you!"

"Ye'll find nothin'," jeered Chater.

Footsteps sounded in the hall, and Tom leaned Cuffee's musket against the parlor wall, hefting his ax expertly.

"Strange craft in the offin', messmate," he reported. "Bourders in the companionway." He peeked around the lintel. "Sink me, if 'tain't that militshy cap'n."

Chater bared yellow fangs to greet Nimrod Sopher, who stalked in, the dragoon saber in hand, a slightly sheepish air of bravado on his long face.

"Well, naow, Sopher, this is real neighborly of ye, overrunnin my farm with yer Fencibles! I s'pose ye're fixin' to rid me of Squire Fellowes 'n' all this crazyfool talk o' his'n?"

Sopher was taken aback.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he denied. "You know, you are subject to suspicion, Chater—oh, not in any atrabilious or, let us say, invective sense—No, no, nothing libelous! Merely, that you have—ah—whether of your own volition or not, been in communication with the enemy."

"How can I help it if some young squirt o' a Britisher wants to come ashore to see a gal?" demanded Chater.

Fellowes found the form and tone of the question as unpleasant as did Inglepin.

"That will do," he ordered sharply. "Are your men outside, Nimrod?"

"Most of them. I—ah—thought best to rally them after—we—ah—parted company."

"If they hadn't had to—rally—we should have taken Collishawe, and poor old Peirt wouldn't have died by himself."

"Oh, quite a rash statement, my dear fellow, quite a rash statement," objected the lawyer-militia man. "I'm certain you couldn't prove it. And green troops always require blooding, you know. 'Tis the rule. And as for Peirt—a worthy fellow, very—splendid soldier—a veteran, to be sure, forever talking of battles. But fortunately a widower—and no children. I confess I shouldn't know where to turn if we'd lost a man with a family. I must have left the village. Actually, I assure you!"

A sneeze from Miss Inglepin—under whose nose the duenna was burning feathers—attracted Sopher's attention to the couch.

"I trust the lady is uninjured?" he asked, with a suspicious glance at Fellowes' companions.

"She fainted. An excess of—shall we say contrition, Mr. Inglepin?"

"An excess of abominable misusage," flared her father. "What woman wouldn't faint after such a night? A pitched battle outside her windows—a mangled body before her eyes—naked men forcing themselves into her presence!"

"You overlook a period of captivity in the hands of her country's enemies," remarked Fellowes. "And must I add still another to your list of outrages. 'Twill be necessary to search her, as I have said."

"You'd miss no chance to humiliate her," returned Inglepin. "'Tis to be expected, sir."

Yet, for all his bluster, Fellowes detected in the merchant's bearing an aspect of relief. Chater too, resumed his position by the man-

A Search of the House Produced a Quantity of Correspondence.

telpiece, a fleer of derision in his greenish eyes. Could it be that they had no documentary evidence to conceal, and accepted the threat of search as admission his case against them would collapse without it? His lips tightened; his voice hardened.

"Send a man for Mrs. Rhodes, Nimrod."

"She's outside. She came up from the village when she heard some of the men were hurt."

"Have her in. I want her to search these women."

Sopher flung up a window.

"Corporal Eaches! Ask Mrs. Rhodes to be good enough to step inside."

She bustled in the door, and stood for a moment, blinking her eyes at the company.

"A reg'lar party," she commented. "Wa-all, squire, I see ye lost yer shirt. 'Must have b'en a real battle, by all accounts. What's wrong with the gal, thar?"

"She'll be all right," Fellowes answered. "I want you to search her, Mrs. Rhodes. The Portuguese woman, too."

Mrs. Rhodes planted herself in front of the sofa, arms akimbo.

"And what do I s'arch 'em for?" she demanded.

"Papers. Anything, except the clothes they wear—and make certain no documents are concealed in seams or pockets."

"Leave 'em to me," the widow returned briskly. "And cl'ar out all these menfolks."

As Fellowes herded captives and captors in the hall, she was already at her task, closing the doors that connected with the dining room, her lips moving in prayer.

Sopher dropped back beside Fellowes, a worried look in the lawyer's face.

"I'm not entirely positive as to the legality of these measures, Lion," he remarked confidentially. "If we find nothing—"

"Man, I saw Miss Inglepin coming out of British headquarters in Lisbon with Lord Wellington—talking treason, if words mean anything. I saw her exchanging documents with Collishawe in Chater's cabin—and was I crimped by Collishawe simply because he needed another hand? Use your wits, Nimrod!"

"'Tis my wits tell me we must have documentary proof of all that," the lawyer retorted doggedly. "But argument will carry us no whither. Do you search Inglepin, and I will take Chater."

Their prisoners submitted with an ill grace, both, however, in no wise disturbed seriously—which wasn't odd, for nothing of moment was found on either of them. A search of the house produced a quantity of correspondence, and a map of the country showing the rough division of political sentiment; but not a line of matter more offensive than was openly preached in every Federalist newspaper.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

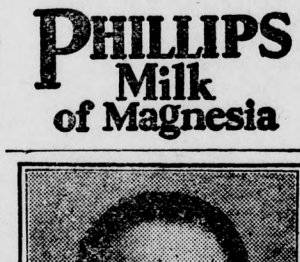
Any drug store has the genuine, prescriptional product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Three Generations Endorse It

"When I was a young single girl I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because my mother did and she gave it to me. After I married I took it before my children were born and afterwards, and I have eight living children. I am now a grandmother and still take it and still recommend it when any one is tired and run-down."—*Mrs. Alfred Iverson, St. Edwards, Nebraska.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Mothers . . . Watch Children's COLDS

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous. *Don't take a chance*—at the first sniffle rub on Children's Musterole *once every hour for five hours.*

Children's Musterole is just good old Musterole, you have known so long, in milder form.

Working like the trained masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain.

Keep full strength Musterole on hand, for adults and the milder—Children's Musterole for little tots. All druggists.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
MILD

FEEL GOOD?

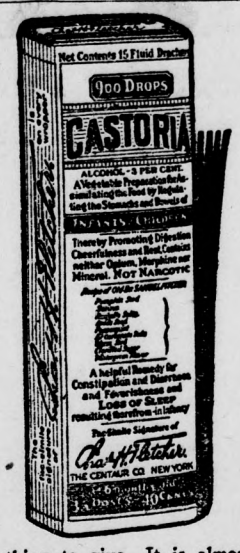
Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine your health and make life miserable. Tonight try NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—all-vegetable corrective—not an ordinary laxative. See how NR will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, foggy, hopeless feeling.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists, only 25c

FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

When Babies CRY


Net Contents 1½ Fluid Drachms
Boo Drops
CASTORIA
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food by Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS CHILDREN
Thereby Promoting Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC
A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea and Feverishness and Loss OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy
Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
THE CENTAUR CO. NEW YORK
30 DOSES 35 CENTS

Babies will cry, often for no apparent reason. You may not know what's wrong, but you can always give Castoria. This soon has your little one comforted; if not, you should call a doctor. Don't experiment with medicines intended for the stronger systems of adults! Most of those little upsets are soon soothed away by a little of this pleasant-tasting, gentle-acting children's remedy that children like.

It may be the stomach, or may be the little bowels. Or in the case of older children, a sluggish, constipated condition. Castoria is still the thing to give. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment, and could by no possibility do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue; won't play, can't sleep, is fretful or out of sorts. Get the genuine; it always has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.

Needless Suffering

The next time a headache makes you stay at home—

Or some other ache or pain prevents your keeping an engagement—

Remember Bayer Aspirin! For there is scarcely any pain it cannot relieve, and relieve promptly.

These tablets give real relief, or millions would not continue to take them. They are quite harmless, or the medical profession would not constantly prescribe them.

Don't be a martyr to unnecessary pain. To colds that might so easily be checked; to neuritis, neuralgia; to those pains peculiar to women; or any suffering for which Bayer Aspirin is such an effective antidote.

For your own protection, buy the genuine. Bayer is safe. It's always the same. It never depresses the heart, so use it as often as needed; but the cause of any pain can be treated only by a doctor.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

"Always in Good Humor" says Bill "and my Folks, too"

YOUNG BILL FREEMAN, Jr., of 707 South Street, Key West, Florida, has started in early telling the world his secret of health. "I don't know that I would have been the cause of divorce," writes Bill, through his mother, "but certainly the first three months of my life my mother was a nervous wreck, and so was I. I never saw father because he didn't like my disposition—and every day it was a fight at our house—either castor oil or an enema, and I was just about ready to quit home.

"Finally, they started in giving me a half teaspoonful of Nujol night and morning. I am five months old now, and I take Nujol every other night, which keeps me so well regulated that I am always in good humor, and so are my folks."

How simple it is, after all. No drugs, no medicines, no irritating cathartics. Just simple and natural lubrication which our bodies need as much as any machine. Nujol is not absorbed by the body. It is non-fattening; it can form no habit; it cannot hurt the smallest baby. What it does is keep our bodies internally clean of the poisons we all have and which, unless they are swept away as regularly as clock work, give us headaches, make us feel sick, low in our minds, blue, down on the world.

Nujol is as tasteless and colorless as pure water. Start this very night and see how different you will feel after a few days. It costs but a few cents and it makes you feel like a million dollars. You can buy it at any drug store in a sealed package. With millions of people all over the world keeping well with Nujol there is no reason why you, too, should not be joyous, full of pep, with the happiness that comes of good health. Get a bottle today.

William A. Freeman, Jr., who licks the spoon in preparation for licking the world.

Old shoes made *new* for less than a penny a pair

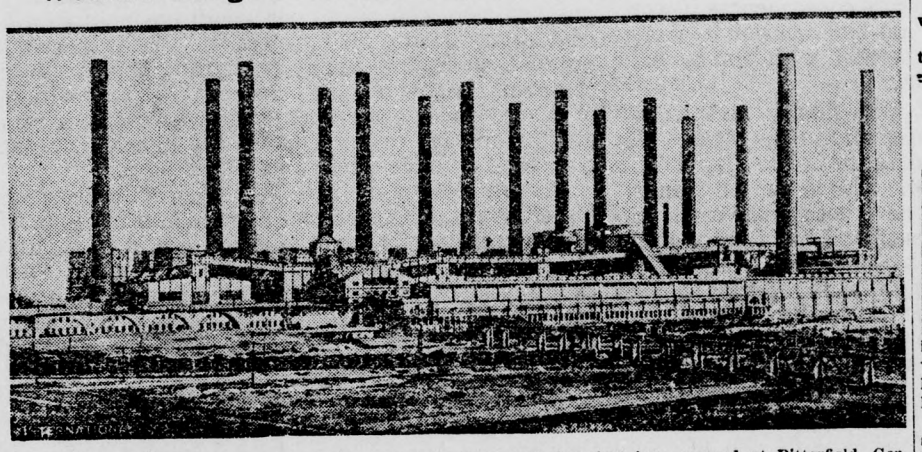
Scuffs disappear. Clean, uniform color returns. More than 50 shines for 50 cents. Black, brown, tan, white and neutral.

BARTON'S DYANSHINE SHOE POLISH

Americans Building Good Highways in China

While a group of local and state officials looked on, an American road building company, working against time, recently completed a mile of highway at Mukden at a cost of sixty Mexican dollars. To accomplish the same result with manual labor would cost 601,000 Mexican dollars.

World's Largest Power Plant Opened in Germany



This lignite burning power plant, the largest in the world, has just been opened at Bitterfield Germany, to supply power for a large section of eastern and central Germany. It has two of the biggest turbogenerators in Europe.

Friend of Hopeless Home Again

"Brother Tom" Liddecoat and his daughter, Mary, who have just returned from a five months' world tour which was taken to study the way other countries took care of their poor. "Brother Tom" has used up a personal fortune of $1,000,000 in twenty-eight years of charity work. He returns from his tour convinced that America is doing more for her poor than any other country with the possible exception of Italy. His daughter is a senior at the University of Southern California.

Studying Marine Life at First Hand

Here is the class in marine zoology of the University of Miami, Florida, studying marine life at the ocean's bottom. Some of the students are shown with diving helmets on about to go down. The entire class wears bathing suits. Prof. Robert McIntosh jots down notes and instructions while the class is under water gathering specimens.

Briefly Told

Life will be imaged, but cannot be divided nor doubled.

Success Hint

It's better to do something than somebody.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

RUNS 180 MILES

Eugene Estoppey, better known as "Gene, the California Bear," an Indian runner who recently at the age of fifty-eight made the 180-mile run from Fresno to San Francisco in less than 37 hours.

SENATOR ROBSION

John Marshall Robsion, who has been a representative in congress from Kentucky, was appointed to the senate to complete the term of Senator Frederick M. Sackett, resigned.

Distress Signal

The letters "SOS" are a purely arbitrary radio signal of distress, adopted by the international radio conference in 1912 because of the simplicity of the code letters, which are easy to transmit and unlikely to be mistaken for any other signal. There is no reason why foreign nations should adopt a signal of this kind, if it stood for the initials of any English words. In the early days of wireless signaling the letters CQD were used for the purpose and were commonly understood to signify "Come quick, danger."

tired every morning?

Get poisons out of the system with Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Gum Laxative. Smaller doses effective when taken in this form. A modern, scientific, family laxative. Safe and mild.

INSIST ON THE GENUINE

Feen-a-mint

FOR CONSTIPATION

Only His Wife

"Who was that queen I saw you with last night?"

"That was no queen, but the dictator."

Denver Boy is a Winner

Every mother realizes how important it is to teach children good habits of conduct but many of them fail to realize the importance of teaching their children good bowel habits until the poisons from decaying waste held too long in the system have begun to affect the child's health.

Watch your child and at the first sign of constipation, give him a little California Fig Syrup. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it quickly drives away those distressing ailments, such as headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness, feverishness, fretfulness, etc. It gives them a hearty appetite, regulates their stomach and bowels and gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act normally, of their own accord. For over fifty years, leading physicians have prescribed it for half-sick, bilious, constipated children. More than 4 million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it.

Mrs. C. G. Wilcox, 3855½ Wolff St., Denver, Colorado, says: "My son, Jackie, is a prize winner for health, now, but we had a lot of trouble with him before we found his trouble was constipation and began giving him California Fig Syrup. It fixed him up quick, gave him a good appetite, made him sleep fine and he's been gaining in weight right along since the first few days, taking it."

To avoid inferior imitations of California Fig Syrup, always look for the word "California" on the carton.

Water Lilies—Have the beauty of these wonderful flowers in your garden this summer. Our catalogue will give you full information on how to grow them. Allen's Water Gardens, 3304 Rowena Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Since 1846 has promoted healing for Man and Beast

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Crime doesn't believe the wages of sin is death.

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never fails, she says.—Adv.

Marriage is a case of egotism divided by two.

Your Good Looks

How frequently a woman thinks, "Am I still attractive?" How much thought and study she devotes to her looks! That's natural. A woman hates to think she is growing day by day less charming and attractive. DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION helps to preserve in a woman the charm and health of youth. It contains no harmful ingredient. This splendid herbal tonic is sold by all druggists in both fluid and tablets.

Write to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., if you desire free medical advice. For 10c Dr. Pierce will send you a trial package of tablets.

Clears out cold in head or chest

A home remedy of tested and tried ingredients, safe, dependable.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR

30¢ at all druggists

Use Hale's Toothache Drops.

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Editorial

THE MODERN WOMAN

What a privilege to be a woman of today! How wide has grown her horizon! No longer is her life circumscribed by four walls. The modern woman is truly a citizen of the world, intelligently participating in its affairs. Man, who was once prone to be alarmed over the imagined dire consequences if woman were given "free rein," has had occasion to change his views, for she has co-operated with him to make this a better world to live in.

Her influence is sought individually and collectively in politics, in commerce and in the arts. Her good will is of major importance in the distribution of the world's commodities. She is "up on things." She is eager to try what is new, not for the mere novelty of it, but to avail herself and her family of the best. She is open-minded to innovations, and if the market offers her something that is superior to what she has, she is willing to be shown. By an intelligent process of eliminating the inferior and substituting the superior, her home is constantly becoming more attractive and efficient. In always demanding the best, she stimulates competition, which is "the life of trade." A merchant knows that if he can prove to her that his article is better for the same or less money, no false sentiment is going to make her cling to the old. Therefore, merchants are kept alert, each striving to give milady better values, which has had a great deal to do with our present high standard of living. Her discriminating taste must be pleased. She sees to it that her home is pleasant, and that the meals she serves to her family and guests are rightly balanced and appetizingly prepared.

She studies child welfare, and through parent-teachers associations co-operates with the schools in developing the children into finer citizens-to-be. Through club and church work she contributes her share to the betterment of the community she lives in.

She has not only kept step with progress, she has often been in the very vanguard, breaking new trails, doing "impossible" things because she didn't know that they couldn't be done. You will find her holding her own in the professions—you will find her exploring jungles and the uncharted northlands, you will find her in the laboratories of science, or winning her wings in aviation—in fact, she has invaded practically every field of activity from which she was once excluded, and is distinguishing herself in these various fields. No longer is her place exclusively "in the home," and yet her very emancipation has made her a better home maker. She has learned scientific methods with which to banish drudgery, ill health and inharmony, which were the results of her once abysmal ignorance.

She is interested in everything—through the radio, the library, the periodicals that come to her house, the clubs she belongs to, the shows she attends, the advertisements she reads, the shop window displays she studies for new ideas, she is kept constantly informed of what the world is doing.

She hates war, but in her country's crisis she gave of her time, her talent, her money and her sons. And now she is turning her energies into reconstructive and constructive channels. It is her hope that the world will see no more war—that men and women and nations will march together in the great army of progress. That harmony will reign over the earth, and she is doing her part, which is no small one. In the humblest cottage you will find her trying to instill the ideals of health and beauty and cleanliness into the lives of her children that they may grow up with a normal, happy outlook on life. Woman is a great leader in both home and community progress and development.

* * *

FARMERS MUST PULL TOGETHER

There are as many different opinions on the subject of farm co-operatives as there are individual farmer members of them, almost. They range all the way from unstinted praise to bitter denunciation. Some will tell you they are good things for the farmer—others that they are ruining the farmer.

These differences of opinion are largely a matter of the point of view. That the co-operative movement does tend to impair the historic and cherished individualism of the farmer is true. For a co-operative to succeed all of its members must submit to standardization of their output, as to varieties, grades, time of harvesting and shipping and the like.

There is a type of mentality to which even such beneficial regulation of individual action is galling. To that kind of farmers the federal farm board program will appear ridiculous if not actually an invasion of their rights.

But the co-operative movement is no longer something which any farmer who wants to get ahead can take or leave as he chooses. It is the declared federal policy to give aid only to farmers organized in to co-operative selling associations. There is no reason to doubt that the policy will be carried out until, in the course of a very few years, all of the products of the farm, except a few limited specialties, will be handled all the way from grower to consumer by farmer-owned co-operatives.

That is going to put great power in the hands of the organized farmers and leave the bitter-enders in an unpleasant position. Sooner or later the ultra-individualistic type of farmer will vanish, and agriculture all over the country will assume the aspect of other business, in which teamwork is the essential element of success.

Doubtless the country will not have so many picturesque and hot-tempered "characters" on its farms, but doubtless, also, its farms will provide a better living and a larger surplus for their owners than most of them do now.

* * *

THE RACKETEER AND THE FARMER

The newest development in the field of crime is the so-called "racketeer." The racketeer is a man or a gang of men who prey upon small business men by demanding tribute for "protection." If the merchant approached declines to pay, something happens to his store some night; a bomb blows out the front window or his groceries are drenched with kerosene or some similar outrage makes him see the light. The next time the recketeer comes around, he pays.

The problem of the racketeer does not concern the big cities alone. One of the favorite hunting grounds of the racketeer is among the dealers in foodstuffs. It has been said that every crate of poultry, every can of milk, every bushel of garden produce that goes into New York or Chicago pays tribute to the racketeers. That may be exaggerated, but there is enough truth in it to make it hurt.

Everything that makes his food cost the city man more than he ought to pay is bad for the grower of foodstuffs. The producer gets a small enough per centage of what the consumer pays, as it is. The effort of the federal farm board to reduce this "spread" and put a larger part of the consumer's dollar into the famer's pocket will have to take the racketeer into account as well as the more or less legitimate middleman. With farmers owning their own marketing machinery, the ultimate retail distribution will still be through individual local dealers, especially in the fruit, vegetable, poultry and egg trades.

There is little doubt that, except for the racketeers, most food supplies can be, and eventually will be, sold in the larger cities for lower average prices than now prevail while at the same time the grower gets higher prices.

* * *

MEMORIALS TRULY SERVICEABLE

High on a slope of a certain New England hill a large marble shaft of ungainly proportions stands, starkly conspicuous against a background of forest. Strangers, curious to know its significance, are usually answered somewhat in this manner:

That? Oh, that's the memorial of a man who used to live hereabouts—don't recollect just who. Built it himself and had his name carved on the base of it, but hardly anyone gets up there to see it. What's that? No, never did anything special. Just a rich fellow who wanted to be remembered.

In the little town nestling at the foot of that hill is another sort of memorial. It is a triangular strip of park set at the junction of two roads. Under its green canopy of maples are a number of comfortable benches, an in its center a happy fountain. It is a spot much frequented by mothers and young children. The donor's name is not chisled in marble, nor does it appear on plaque or bas-relief, but the townspeople recall it with gratitude, for it is associated with something which has played a pleasant part in their experience.

This little village park typifies, to a degree, a new style in memorials and the tendency to give them an active and helpful part in the community. That there are not more of this type may be due to the difficulties of properly providing for their maintenance, and in this connection it is gratifying to note the success being achieved in making such arrangements easier. Massachusetts, for instance, has a body of public-spirited citizens known as the Trustees of Public Reservations, incorporated under the laws of the state, with authority to acquire land and hold it open to the public free of taxation.

Recently, these trustees published a report, in which they said:

The Trustees of Public Reservations have reason to believe that there are many citizens who own lands which they would be willing to dedicate to posterity for use as public open spaces, with an endowment. People are beginning to realize that such gifts can most appropriately stand as memorials to perpetuate the name of a beloved relative. The trustees wish it to be known that they are prepared to accept on behalf of the people of Massachusetts such lands as may increase the facilities for access to nature, recreation and historic interest, which should be conserved for the public benefit, enjoyment and health.

This offer of service can hardly fail to point out and make available the way for many individuals, rich alike in worldly goods and human sympathy, to provide for a splendid type of memorial.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS — The ground hog's favorite song: "It Ainta Gonna Rain No Mo'."

* * * *

The blond office stenog says that her Scotch boy friend was always opposed to marriage until he found that they gave the bride away.

* * * *

And while we are in the Scotch department ,there was the Scotchman who gave his kids music lessons so that it wouldn't be necessary to have their hair cut.

* * * *

AND STILL ANOTHER. WE HEARD ABOUT THE SCOTCH GIRL WHO SUBSCRIBED TO THE WHIZ BANG SO THAT SHE COULD GET HER ROUGE EFFECT FROM BLUSHING.

* * * *

MAUD MUFFINS SEZ:

"About all you can say for February is that one of its nights sees the last of the Christmas toys stepped on and kicked into oblivion."

* * * *

What Some People Don't Know About Driving Would Fill A Hospital

* * * *

She—I wonder why this home brew has more kick than gin?
He—There's a raisin.

* * * *

And there's a reason why more people ride on GOODYEARS than on any other kind of tires. Come in and let us demonstrate their superiority. A large stock always on hand.

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS — PH. 111
Campbell, California

Valentine Carnival At M. E. Church Feb. 14

Under the capable direction of Clayton Willis, fourth vice-president of the Epworth league, plans are quickly being worked out for the Valentine carnival and jamboree to be presented at the M. E. church on the evening of Feb. 14.

The combined groups of young people of the church are managing the affair and it is being especially planned in order to make possible the enjoyment of the older people.

THIRTY-THREE OF GRADUATING CLASS ENTER HI SCHOOL

All out two or three of the 36 pupils who graduated from the grammar school last week are entering high school and that institution is filled to overflowing. D. H. Cramer, principal, advises that no additional outsiders will be taken in because of the inadequate facilities. He reports that this is the first time in in the school's history that such action has been taken. With incoming classes larger every year a new plant is a paramount issue in Campbell.

Mrs. Williams, of Cambrian district, who has been ill for some time has had many visitors this week including several Odd Fellows, Mr. Mitchell of the Morning Light lodge and the grand master of the Los Gatos lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ochs are visiting relatives in Burlingame for a few days.

A most *personal* public service

WE, the young women who serve your telephone, handle many, many calls a day. It is our earnest desire to make as few errors as is humanly possible.

Telephoning is a mutual undertaking that requires the co-operation of the person calling, the person called, and the persons who operate and maintain the delicate mechanism.

Altho, being human, we may not reach so-called "perfection," you may be sure that we will continue to the best of our abilities to promote our company's continual effort for a faster and better service.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

PLAN NOW
FOR YOUR VACATION

A few dollars deposited each week in a special
♦ Vacation ♦
Savings Account
will make this year's outing a real pleasure

CAMPBELL BRANCH
AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY
Since 1854

GUNMAN'S BLUFF

BY Edgar Wallace

COPYRIGHT BY EDGAR WALLACE

THIRD INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS

Margaret Leferre's brother, Rex, has been found dead with a note addressed to his sister stating that he has been ruined by investments recommended by Luke Maddison, wealthy broker, to whom Margaret is engaged. Danty Morell, a rather shady character, informs Maddison that Rex had cashed a check for 18,000 pounds bearing Luke's signature. Detective Bird, known as the "Sparrow" calls on Maddison, who refuses to take any action although his signature was forged to the check. Maddison does not know of the dead man's accusation of him, Margaret does not know that her brother was a forger. Her love for Maddison turns to hate, but she decides to keep her promise to marry him. She is desperately poor and Maddison makes over his entire fortune to her, everything he possesses. In the background of these events is the figure, still shadowy, of Gunner Haynes, a famous American crook, who had encountered Maddison and Margaret, apparently by chance, the evening before Rex's death.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

She stood there, her hands gripped, her breath coming quickly and more quickly, and heard him override the protests which came from the other end o fthe wire. Presently he hung up the phone and turned to her, a smile of triumph on his flushed face.

"You are Maddison's!" he said grandly. "Lock, stock, and barrel, darling, I am what old Bird calls a child of the poor."

Even she could not realize that he was speaking prophetically.

* * * *

"Do you want to see a man named Lewing?" Styles asked Maddison.

"Lewing? Who is he?"

From Mr. Stiles' expression of disparagement he gathered that Lewing was not of any great account.

"Show him in."

The man who followed Stiles into the room was tall and spare of build. His deep-set eyes had in them a furtiveness that was almost animal. He glanced quickly around the room, and it almost seemed to Luke that he was pricing every article within view against the night when he might enter and take away such movables as would show him a profit.

"Mornin', sir."

He held his head downwards and sideways, lookin gup from under his heavy and untidy eyebrows.

"Like to speak to you private, sir," he said in his husky voice.

Luke glanced at the manager and signalled him to leave the room. Mr. Stiles left with the greatest reluctance.

"Sit down, will you?"

Not taking his eyes from Luke's face, the visitor stretched out a hand and drew a chair to him.

The visitor sat down.

"Gunner's got three moon fo being a suspected," he said in a low, hoarse voice. "The Sparrow spoke up for him but the beak handed out the three moon. The Gunner's appealin' to the sessions."

Luke nodded.

"He has got three months' hard labor and is appealing? I hope he gets off. Did he send you to me?"

Lewing nodded slowly. He had the appearance of a man who was lying and expected to be found out at any moment.

"Yes, A few quid would do him a bit of good. He wants a mouthpiece. The Sparrow says he'll get off—an' the Sparrow knows.'

"Who is the Sparrow?"

A slow smile dawned on Mr. Lewin's face.

"He's a busy—a detective, Bird by name—"

Luke nodded. He remembered Mr. Sparrow, whose activities were apparently not wholly confined to inquests.

"I was inside meself—for breakin' and enterin'," confided Lewing, "but they couldn't prove nothin' so I got out. But me and the Gunner's like brothers. He was in the next cell to me at Brixton an' told me to pop up and have a talk with you—a few quid would help him."

Luke was puzzled. His acquaintance with the redoubtable gunman who called himself Haynes was a slight one, but it had struck him, during their brief interview in the Carlton, that the Gunner had the manners and certainly the vocabulary of a gentleman, and this mean sneak-thief who was looking at him stealthily from the other side of the table was hardly the type of man in whom the Gunner would confide his commissions.

Luke felt in his pocket and took out a few pound notes.

"I suppose you know Mr. Bird very well?" he asked as he counted the money.

The man grinned.

"The Sparrow?" I should say so! He's always goin' on about the children of the poor—but he's always laggin' em! He pretends there's a lot of poor people who are sufferin' because of the likes of—" he was about to say "me" but changed his mind—"of fellers who go on the crook. That's silly. If you can't do work you've got to do something; you can't starve. The last time the Sparrow started talkin' to me about it I says: 'Look here, Mr. Bird, why don't you go after the children of the rich an' make 'em pay their whack to these children of the poor?' He couldn't answer me .He was dumbfounded. I'm always beatin' people in arguments."

He seemed rather proud of this accomplishment; was not without his vanities, even if he had to lie about his triumphs.

"Here is ten pounds. Give that to your friend. I cant help him much more. I'd like to know what happens to him, and he can write to me here."

At two o'clock Margaret Leferre stepped from her car at the door of the Marylebone rigistrar's office, and Luke, waiting in the room of that official, turned to greet the palest bride that had ever entered those commonplace portals.

She spoke not at all, only answered the questions that were put to her. With a shudder she felt the ring slip upon her finger.

It was all over so quickly that she could not believe that the first act of her vengeance was played. Somebody put a pen into her hand, and a squat forefinger showed her the place where she must sign her name. For a long time she held the pen, and when she wrote it wavered in her fingers and the scrawled signature looked like nothing she had ever seen.

Leaving for Paris that night—the Meurice, or was it the Bristol? There was some confusion in her mind about these details; anyway, they did not matter if she kept her courage. The two o'clock wedding had been an inspiration. She went back to her house—Luke was coming to dinner; they were to leave immediately after to catch the night boat from Southampton.

Luke's voice was tremulous. They were alone in her pretty drawing room, and he was sitting by her side, with his arm around her. She was very still and unyielding, but he thought that he understood this.

Luke was bubbling over with excitement—he was like a boy who had received a new and wonderful present.

"I say, did you see that queer-looking man standing on the pavement as we came out? A fellow named Lewing—a thief of some kind. I wonder if he came to pick pockets? I'll bet he did; touched his hat to me as I came out."

She was not listening, and, after he had gone, could remember nothing that he had said except something about Rex. It was indecent of him to mention the boy. Danty rang her up, but she would not see or receive him. She must go through now without help. Luke was coming at seven. At six she called him on the telephone, and had one panicky moment when she feared that he had already left his flat and could not be found. Then she heard his voice.

"Darling, isn't it odd? I can't believe it—I still think of myself as a crusty old bachelor—"

"Luke, I want you to do something for me." She found her voice at last. "No—no, don't interrupt. It's a big thing. I don't want to go away tonight, not for a day or two. I want to be alone, not to see you. My nerves are in a terrible state; I think I am on the verge of a breakdown."

As she went on, he listened with a growing sense of alarm and dismay. And yet he was not thinking of himself.

"I've been a selfish brute. Of course, Darling, I understand."

The conversation did not occupy five minutes of time; he could hardly realize what was happening, to what he was agreeing, before he was sitting at his writing table staring blankly at the telegraph forms by which he was to cancel so many pleasant arrangements.

Danty, waiting at the Waterloo station with a full view of the barrier, watched the mail boat passengers filter through the platform. He saw the barrier close and the red tail lights of the train disappear into the darkness, and went home humming a little song, for Mr. and Mrs. Luke Maddison were not among the passengers.

* * *

Luke did not even trouble to see Margaret at once. Before lunch he remembered and telephoned.

"I want to see you, darling," he began.

"Why?" it was difficult to disguise the suspicion she felt.

"I want you to sign a little document," he said gaily.

So that was it! Danty had warned her. Only she had never dreamed that she would be asked to renounce her marriage portion so soon.

"Wife! It's wonderful—unbelievable!"

"A document?"

"I want you to transfer some money to me,' he said. "It is the merest formality—I've discovered that I have rather less than I need.

She thought quickly.

"Very well, come to the house at three o'clock."

He forgot that the bank closed at three-thirty and agreed. After all, it did not greatly matter if the check was returned. It was merely a transfer from his personal account to the bank's.

He was, true to his methods, five minutes late, when he was shown into her little sitting room. The first thing that struck him was that she was dressed. He had pictured her resting in her negligee—in bed even. She was not as pale as she had been. It was when he went to take her in his arms that he had his first shock.

"Don't kiss me—please!"

It was not a request; it was peremptory command.

"Why—what is wrong, darling?"

She shook her head impatiently.

"Please tell me what you want."

Her tone turned him cold. It was hard, almost antagonistic. He could hardly believe the evidence of his senses.

Stammering like a schoolboy, he told her in disjointed sentences of the situation which had arisen, and she listened and did not speak until he stopped.

"Ninety-seven thousand pounds," she said. "A tenth of that would have saved Rex."

He could only stare at her uncomprehendingly.

"It was rather dreadful to see a man make a god out of money, Luke, and to know that for its sake he is willing to even sacrifice a young life."

To him her voice sounded like the clang of a bell; to herself it hardly seemed that it was she who was speaking.

"And to accuse this poor dead boy of forgery—to add that infamy to the other."

"I—you are speaking of me?" he said in a whisper.

She nodded.

"Of you. I knew that you were coming to get your money back—that is why I did not go with you to France. I wanted it to happen here. Here, where I have friends and can meet you on even terms.

A pause, and then:

"Luke, I am giving you no money. You gave it to me—it is mine. Not a penny can you have—not a penny!"

She wished he would speak during the silence that followed. She wished he would rave, curse her, do all the things that were consistent with her picture of him. But he said nothing. He was not even looking at her, but was studying the pattern of the carpet. Presently he jerked up his head.

"Good-bye," he said, and turned on his heel.

She heard the door close on him, and then there came to her a realization that made her brain reel. She loved him!

Why he gravitated to the Embankment he could never tell; it seemed a natural objective. He had no thought of suicide, no intention of finding that gross way to forgetfulness. Walking slowly by the parapet, he came to a halt before Scotland Yard and eyed that Gothic building incuriously. That big detective was there, the Sparrow—the Sparrow, who righted so many wrongs, could hardly disentangle the problem which deadened the mind of Luke Maddison. The "children of the poor!" He smiled mirthlessly. He was one of the children of the poor, the natural charge of that big man. To protect the children of the poor and punish the wrongdoer. Who had done wrong? Margaret? He tried hard to apportion all blame to her, to hate her. He shook his head and walked slowly back toward Blackfriars.

(Continued Next Week)

Martin and Leonard Shadle spent the week-end at the Hyde cottage at Twin Lakes.

There was to have been a special meeting of the Ada Rebekah Stitching club today but it was postponed.

WHITE LEGHORNS

HOME FLOCK HATCHERY

Chicks from second year hens, from 17 years select breeding. Mated with exceptional quality cochreis from heavy winter layers. Top-notch quality eggs. A real opportunity. March and Aprir Chicks

John H. Holbrook

VASONA JUNCTION

Rt. 1, Box 226

LOS GATOS, CALIF.

The result of the election of officers last week is as follows: student body—president, Stanley DeSelle; vice president, Harold Gardner; secretary, Dorothy Burton. Boys' Athletic club — president, Stanley DeSelle; vice president, Ed Hubbard; secretary, Elwyn Overshiner. Girls' League—president, Vesta Anderson; vice president, Lorraine Ribisi; secretary, Mildred Cannon. Senior class—president, Stanley DeSelle; vice president, Lealand Lea; secretary, Kathryn Eitzer. Junior class—Harold Freitas; vice president, Daniel Redmond; secretary, Lola Rhoten. Sophomore class—president, Eva Gurkwich; vice president, Lois Lloyd; secretary, Catherine Hobe. High freshmen—president, Warren Willis; vice president, Albert Lantz; secretary, Louise Fill. Low freshmen—president, Melvin DeSelle, secretary, Lulu Murdock.

The freshman class gave a party Saturday night. Games were played and there was dancing. Refreshments were served at the close of a pleasant evening. Mrs. Rae, the class advisor, and Ethel Kirk, were the guests of honor. A lovely birthday cake was presented to Miss Kirk by the class. Miss Kirk was celebrating her birthday.

The play, "Grandma Pulls the Strings," to be presented by the dramatic class has been postponed because of the death of Francis Barstow's father. Francis is an important member o fthe cast.

More from the English classes:

WINTER

The trees were fruitless,
The bushes were bare,
The flowers were withered,
For Winter was there.

Francis Johnson, '33.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coupland, Thursday afternoon at the San Jose hospital, a daughter.

The high school will give its annual concert March 7.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Loris Smith of Twin Lakes were visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith Monday.

Mrs. Fannie Connelly of Minneapolis spent two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Donald Page and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Page recently.

T. A. Robinson was a visitor in Berkeley last week.

Mrs. Hattie Baugh and Mrs. D. H. Cramer gave a tea Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Mary Rodeck, at the Cramer home.

A Grange card party was held in the community hall last Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hendricks were in charge of the arrangements. The hall was well filled and the proceeds will go to the Grange building fund.

Mrs. Gayno Eddlemon returned Saturday from a visit with friends in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Page were visited recently by Capt. and Mrs. C. E. Gray, Capt. and Mrs. C. E. Pickering and Capt. and Mrs. A. Buffet and son, all of the Presidio at San Francisco.

Mrs. R. H. Hyde and Mrs. E. R. Kennedy were guests at the luncheon given for Kathleen Norris at the Sainte Claire hotel Tuesday.

Mrs. Paris Henderson of Cambrian is gradually improving from a recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wehmeyer motored to Madera Sunday to visit with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barnes motored to Oakland Saturday to visit with their two daughters.

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY SPECIALS

Supreme Pears, No. 2 1-2 can	38c
White King Granulated Soap, large pkg.	39c
Thompsons Double Malted Milk, 1 lb. can	49c
Head Rice, 5 lbs.	38c
Schilling's Baking Powder, 1 lb. can	43c
Hills Bros. Coffee, 4 lb. can	$1.82
Snowdrift, 3 lb. can	71c
United Toilet Tissue, 3 rolls	23c
Amazio Butterscotch Syrup, No. 5 can	41c
Burnett's Extract Vanilla, 2 oz. bottle	31c
Morning Milk, 3 tall cans	29c

FIELD'S STORE

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. . . All that the word implies is available at the Haliwell & Jones Service Station . . . Our complete line of Goodyear Tires makes it possible for you to secure the rapid installation of new rubber on your car . . . You are assured of accurate inflation and proper repairs when our competent workmen look after your tires . . . In addition to our unsurpassed tire service we are equipped to do high pressure grease jobs on all makes of cars . . . We maintain a battery department and dispense General Violet Ray Gasoline and all the popular brands of motor lubricants . . . Let us serve you . . .

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ATTACKED WITH A PIN

Johnson—What, your wife attacked you with a pin? That would hardly explain your battered condition, I think.

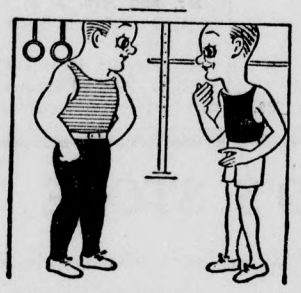
Adams—It was a rolling-pin, my friend.

SHIPPED WEST

"Prehistoric oysters were found in the Potomac river recently."

"Yes, I think I ate some of them in a restaurant the other day."

AT THE GYM



Wrestler—I always feel the most active in the winter—when do you?

Running Broad-jumper—In the spring, of course.

ROUND THE WORLD

He (complainingly)—You just keep me going round with you all the time.

She—Didn't you say I was all the world to you?

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

"Why are you going to marry that jolly spiritualist you met?"

"He's the happy medium, my dear."

WORSE STILL

Mary—She let that fool kiss her.

Marie—But worse still, she let that kiss fool her.

ARGUMENTS OF FORCE

"Did his arguments strike you with much force?"

"Sure did—he's got hard fists."

TINY PRINTS MARK JACKET SUITS

ANOTHER season for prints and the program begins with pretty wearable suits and ensembles made of either silk, cotton, rayon or wool prints according to choice. The distinguishing feature about these early comers in prints is their tiny repeat patternings on dark backgrounds, and this applies to all weaves, such as flat crepe, foulard, challis or satin, as the case may be.

The beauty about these dark-toned prints which are initiating the season is that one need not wait until the actual arrival of spring to wear them. At this very minute they are in good form worn under the winter coat.

Women who make their own clothes will undoubtedly find inspiration in this picture of one of the newest suits of the season. The model is fashioned along simplest lines and with a reliable pattern even the amateur need not hesitate to undertake it.

Furthermore this suit and others such as are making their appearance among advance styles ought to prove an incentive to home-sewing women to seek out various wash goods sections and there inspect the perfectly charming materials on display. The sights which will greet the eye will prove nothing less than a revelation for even the most sophisticated marvel at the handsomeness of modern wash fabrics. The new printed rayon crepes and foulards are nothing less than amazing in that they bear no resemblance to the humble "wash goods" as wash goods were in the olden days.

The model in the picture is fashioned of blue and beige foulard patterned rayon print, with a beige shantung blouse. Nowadays the suit, because of its tuck-in blouse, establishes definitely the vogue for the natural or raised waistline.

It seems that with every costume a self-fabric jacket or cape is inevitable. The one-piece dress of tiny print which is so smart for midseason wear has its own jacket even if it is to be worn under the winter wrap. Later the suit of print will be topped with a matching cape, for scarcely a suit frock or skirt but what will be complemented with a cunningly devised cape.

Separate boleros worn with flaring-at-the-hemline frocks or suits, introduce interesting ensemble types. For these printed crepes and tweed-patterned silks are the newest thing.

Often jackets in solid colors are worn with dresses of print. This note is effectively brought out in the new ensembles of wool challis, and, by the way, challis is one of the very smart materials for spring costumes. A recent model carries out the black-and-white theme, using patterned challis for the skirt which features irregular white dots on black. The blouse is of white shantung. The cunning jacket is made of all-black challis.

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He Understood the New Teacher

The Weekly Short Story—By NORA TAYLOR

"NEXT station's Pennelton, ma'am."

Marion Caruthers looked up, nodded to the porter, quickly stuffed the magazine she was reading into her grip and put on her coat and hat. A moment later she was standing on the platform watching the train pull out.

"Miss Caruthers?" said a pleasant voice, and Marion saw before her a middle-aged man with bared head.

"I'm Thompson, the principal of the school where you're going to teach."

"How nice of you to meet me," she said. "I'm awfully glad you're the principal, because I know I'll like you."

"You're very young, Miss Caruthers," he mused, glancing up and down her trim little figure.

"Yes, this is my first school," she admitted.

"I hope you'll like it; we do. We'll just get home in time for dinner," he continued.

"Dinner!" she gasped. "Why, up home we always have dinner at six o'clock."

"We're just ordinary folks down here. Guess you'll have to make allowances."

Mrs. Thompson met Marion at the door and gave her a warm welcome.

"So glad to see you, dear. Are you very tired? How do you like our country? Dinner's just ready. I'll show you your room so you can take off your things."

When Mrs. Thompson came back down stairs she and her husband had a hurried word in the hall.

"Isn't she attractive!" said Mrs. Thompson. "What lovely eyes and such a quick infectious smile."

"Yes, but I'm afraid she's too young to manage children in a country high school. Had absolutely no experience."

Their comments were cut short by the entrance of Marion and they all hurried into the dining room.

"Biscuits?" said Marion quizzically at the dinner table. "Up North we have bread—bake Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"I'm sorry we have none," said the professor quietly.

"And you serve string beans with pork," Marion went on in amazement. "I never saw that before."

By the time the meal was over Mrs. Thompson felt that her well-cooked dinner had fallen short of the mark.

The following day school began and Marion was busy all the rest of the week getting things organized in her classroom.

At the first parent-teachers' meeting she nearly had an open tilt with one or two of the mothers. She just could not make them see. And, worst of all, she had a feeling that they did not understand her. There was only one person in Pennelton who did and he was John Hamilton, the Latin professor.

Fall slipped into winter and the students of Pennelton county high pegged away. Marion had enjoyed the holidays immensely. Professor Hamilton's mother had invited her over for dinner, after which they had gone on a straw ride and had supper at a distant inn. It was a jolly crowd. Then there were two dances and Marion had made a decided hit each night. Still she did not feel that she was one of them. There was always a slight coolness about these people that was apt to freeze suddenly right in the middle of a conversation, and without a moment's notice. Southern people were nice, but queer—so queer. No doubt about that.

And now spring had come again and soon Marion would be going back home, and for some peculiar reason she was not sure that she was glad. She had made a success of her teaching and Professor Thompson had been unstinted in his praise of her work.

The parent-teachers decided to give a parting banquet in honor of themselves and to commemorate a most successful year's work. Marion put on her best evening dress and looked her stunningest as she sat beside Professor Thompson at the long table.

Mrs. Burton rose and began to make a speech.

"This banquet," she said, "is in honor of Miss Caruthers. Everything on the table has been prepared by a northern woman we coaxed over from Delton, and the recipes all came out of a northern cook book. We wanted just once to do something down South as they do it up North, and—"

"Oh, forgive me," interrupted Marion, jumping up. "I see it all now, but I never realized how tactless it was. That's what's been the matter. What a little beast I've been! Would it help to make amends now if I tell you I love the South and the people and the cooking and everything, and I did so want them to love me. If you ever hear me say up North again I hope you'll run me out of the county. That's what I deserve, anyway."

Flushed and breathless, she dropped into her chair again.

"Yes, I'm certain Miss Caruthers feels every word she's said about liking the South and all that," said Profesor Hamilton, rising, "because she—she's going to marry me!"

"Jack, you—I never—"

But the rest was lost in a round of applause and the banquet table was almost upset as the crowd rushed forward to congratulate the happy couple, while Professor Hamilton congratulated himself on his brilliant coup d'etat.

(Copyright.)

EFFECTS IN MILLINERY

THAT a little trimming now and then is good for even the best of hats, is the theory along which milliners are working this season. A bit of a gay feather, a pert ribbon bow, a prettily posed flower or two is achieving for the spring chapeau the feminine touch—that goal toward which all stylists are striving just now.

One thing especially interesting about the new hats is the adroit handwork which individualizes them and which suggests that the good old days of real millinery are returning.

Not only are the shapes themselves, whether of fabric, felt or straw, a matter of complex manipulation involving clever seaming, insets, cutouts, tucking, draping and such, but all signs point to a considerable use of embroidery, applique and other artful decorations achieved through needlework intricacies.

An outstanding novelty to which fancy turns this season is polka-dot effects. Polka dots, big, little, hand-worked or appearing on yardage materials are featured in versatile ways. Two of the models pictured are polka-dotted. The first hat is a taffeta silk cap-toque, the large dots formed of shirred taffeta cording.

The felt beret below to the right is embroidered with chenille in all-over polka-dotted effect. The large bow which spreads across the back is of black satin.

Among other models featuring polka dots is a turban which comes from the atelier of Le Monner. A very dressy affair this of transparent crinol mesh, a frill of which forms a halo about the face. Black-and-white chenille dots are sprinkled in pretty confusion on the black crinol in a striking manner.

Felt shapes with self-colored or contrasting chenille dots worked all over the foundation also bid fair to become a widespread vogue. Paton has made a striking hat of dark brown felt, dotting it all over with beige chenille. Another novelty patterns felt with wee leather-covered buttons, a belt of the same kid buckling around the crown.

Some little tendency to use flowers is manifested in first arrivals. The hat at the top to the right in this picture owes much of its charm to the clever placement of a cluster of white gardenias. The crown of this hat is felt. The frill across the back is taffeta, matching the facing of the off-the-face flange.

Several French modistes are employing flowers, but in a very discreet way, such as in flat inset effects. Floral novelties include tailored looking daisies made of kid and some of felt.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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Wind

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"I don't suppose in real life I'd ever see you, would I?" David asked the Wind. "No one actually sees the Wind itself."

"They see what I can do and I make myself heard," Wind chuckled, as it talked to David while he was on his adventures all over the world.

"Isn't France at the other side of the channel?" David asked after a moment, and felt quite pleased with himself for remembering this.

"Yes, but France is still a bit of a distance off. You're right in the Channel, so to speak. But come, jump in my airship for you are going to have a pleasant morning stroll in Ireland."

David jumped into Wind's airship which flew low and not so quickly, so that as they flew David could see a country marked Wales with mountains and wild, beautiful scenery. He saw Map people digging into the mines for coal, and then wind blew him right across a channel marked St. George's Channel, and before long they landed in a beautiful green pasture. It was the most beautiful green pasture he had ever seen. It was so really, really green.

"You're to have a first breakfast here," said Wind, "and then I'm coming back for you to have a second breakfast in Scotland.

"They're famous for their dairy products here so you should have a delicious breakfast."

David was quite sure he could eat two breakfasts. He was so very hungry, and he hadn't had any breakfast at all.

He wandered around the green, green country. How pretty it all was, such interesting little lanes and turnings, such quaint little homes, such beautiful, beautiful lakes.

He had his breakfast which one of the Map people gave him.

The Map person called himself Emerald Isle. He was shaped something the way the map of Ireland had looked to David in his book, and he wore a suit of green with a beautiful linen waistcoat, and he laughed and told jokes and was such a merry host.

"I just took the name they often give to the island," he explained. "It is so very green and if you think about it—"

"My face feels quite damp," David suddenly said.

"Ah, there! Such a saving of time and effort! You didn't have to bother—the easiest face wash in the world. Yes, that's the dampness coming in from the sea, and that's why there are such beautiful green pastures here. The sea thinks a thing or two of Ireland to give it all this help and loveliness."

"I've eaten so much," David said, "that I think I'll get up and take a

"Jump Into My Airship."

walk. If Wind comes for me tell him I'll be back soon."

"Maybe Wind will catch up with you. He can do that! He's a pretty quick fellow," Emerald Isle said.

David laughed. "He has his airship, too," he added.

David wandered off toward the southwestern coast until he came to some lovely lakes which were called Killarney.

How helpful it was that in the Living Map all the places were marked with signs.

He had the most refreshing swim and just as he had finished and was dressed again he felt the cool breeze and heard Wind's voice.

"Jump in," Wind said, and David jumped into the airship, fastened himself in, and without another word they were off.

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Olympic Games Flag

The flag used for the Olympic games has an arrangement of five circles on a white or neutral background. The three upper circles blue, black and red, do not touch, but they are joined by the two lower circles of yellow and green, which in turn do not touch each other. The blue circle represents Europe; the black, Africa; the red, America; the yellow, Asia, and the green, Australia.

Various Good Things

By NELLIE MAXWELL

I keep six honest serving men,
(They taught me all I knew)
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who?

—Rudyard Kipling.

CHOWDERS are more than cream soups and are so nutritive that they may make the main dish of the meal with croutons or crackers. With a salad and a light dessert it furnishes a most substantial supper or luncheon menu.

Potato Chowder.—Take one quart of diced potato, one turnip also diced, one cupful each of diced celery and carrot, one medium sized onion chopped, one pimento, one-half cupful of diced salt pork and salt to taste. Cook the pork in a kettle until the fat is all tried out and the dice are well browned. Add the onion and stir for two to three minutes, then add the remainder of the ingredients, cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Season well, adding cayenne pepper and a half dozen milk crackers, with a quart or more of scalded milk. Heat hot and serve one cracker with the chowder to each bowl of soup. A half pound of cod-fish added (after parboiling and shredding) to this mixture will make a good fish chowder. Add more pork if it is liked with more fat.

All American Bunny.—To one pint of hot milk add very slowly one-half cupful of cornmeal. Cook thirty minutes in a double boiler, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth teaspoonful of mustard and two cupfuls of finely cut American cheese. Stir until the cheese is nearly melted, add a little chopped pimento if desired and serve very hot on crackers or on buttered toast.

Egg and Fish Loaf.—Take three hard cooked eggs, one cupful of flaked salmon, tuna or any leftover cooked fish, one cupful of cooked rice, one teaspoonful of onion minced, three slices of bacon cut into bits, salt, paprika to taste and milk to moisten. Grease a baking dish. Slice one of the eggs into thin rings and place around the edge. Mix the fish mixture and press into the pan. Bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes. Turn out on a hot platter and serve with tomato sauce.

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Germany's Oldest Town

Trier, or Treves, is said to be the oldest town in Germany. It was known to the Romans as Augusta Trevirorum, and the ancient S. P. Q. R. gate, the Porta Nigra, erected in 400 A. D., still stands.

SUCH IS LIFE—This Happens in Every Home

By Charles Sughroe

ZZZZ
WAWWW
SNAWK
GEE, I'M GLAD DADDY IS TAKING A NAP
WHY ARE YOU SO GLAD DADDY IS TAKING A NAP?
BECUZ THERE'S GENERALLY A NICKEL OR A DIME ON TH' DAVENPORT WHEN HE GETS UP
CHARLES SUGHROE

Her Majesty The Modern Woman

IT'S a far cry back hundreds of years ago when woman was considered a chattel and endured the hardships of slavery and serfdom. Nor is there a more encouraging development for the future welfare of humanity than the continual evolution and development of woman. Through the ages we have heard of Woman's Sphere, and, with the passing of the years, this sphere has been a constantly enlarging one until today the Woman's Sphere practically encompasses the entire realm of activities that were formerly to be found only in the man's world.

Her majesty, the modern woman, stands on a basis of equality with man and is found in the front ranks as the leader in some of our most progressive movements. She is the mainstay of the three greatest factors in community life: the Home, the Church and the School. While man is still the major breadwinner, yet one-fifth of all persons, gainfully occupied, are girls and women. So well have they served modern industry, business and professional life could ill afford to do without them.

The greatest contribution that woman makes to America and to the community is in her role as wife and mother. She cares for the children, keeping constant watch over them and guiding them through their infancy and adolescence. She keeps the home, that great sanctuary of American life, and fosters the best interests of family life. Woman has much more to do with the Standard of living in the Home and for the family than does the man.

Although men are in the majority as wage earners, two-thirds of the family income is spent by women.

These expenditures are made in practically every field of activity. Today she is the chief customer of business. For example, women buy 78% of the pianos; 49% of men's socks; 81% of the groceries; 82% of department store merchandise; 98% of the silks; 78% of the drugs, 80% of the jewelry. An odd list, picked at random, but typical of the important part played by women in our modern world.

By intelligent and careful expenditure, women are making a vast contribution to the furthering of thrift and saving in American life—and to them we look for the upholding of the Community Ideals of

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Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings. Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

Birthday Luncheon Was Enjoyable Affair

The birthday luncheon given by the Women's Guild of the Congregational church was one of the most delightful events of the season. The luncheon was held Thursday noon at the church. Twelve tables had been arranged for the luncheon, one for each month of the year. The tables were prettily decorated and each represented an important date or the outstanding quality of that month.

Mrs. J. H. Bennett, president of the guild, presided over the program which immediately followed the luncheon. Mrs. Bennett first called on Mrs. Frank Duncan, president of the Friendship Circle, who told all about their work and organization of the club. Next on the program was Mrs. Donald Page, contralto, who sang two old favorites. Mrs. Worthin Grattan, soprano, sang two songs of a more modern nature, with Mrs. W. H. Crothers acting as accompanist for both. Mrs. L. F. Shaw then gave two readings, one of which was "Aunt Het on Reducing" and another, more sober one, on love and friendship.

Mrs. W. I. Merrill gave the details of the idea of the luncheon. She said the purpose of the gathering was to bring everyone together to plan for their annual bazaar to be held some time in November or December. The months or tables were divided into groups of three tables, making four large groups to work together throughout the year for the dinner and carnival. The hostesses at the luncheon will act as committee chairmen in their respective groups.

The hostesses were: January, Mrs. Horace Person and Mrs. C. J. Gaiser, six guests; February, Mrs. T. A. Robinson and Mrs. R. Pomeroy, four guests; March, Mrs. O. H. Woodbury and Mrs. C. L. Johnson, three guests; April, Mrs. Marshall Ross and Mrs. W. Johnson, two guests; May, Mrs. M. H. Farnham and Mrs. C. E. Farnham, five guests; June, Mrs. F. R. Anderson and Miss Jessie Lewis, two guests; July, Miss Sadie Maxson and Mrs. George Wright, four guests; August, Mrs. R. Y. Maxon and Mrs. Ben Austin, three guests; September, Mrs. W. H. Stray and Mrs. T. A. Cutting, two guests; October, Mrs. Worthin Grattan and Mrs. W. I. Merrill, six guests; November, Mrs. A. Page and Mrs. H. S. Young, three guests; December, Mrs. E. Meyers and Mrs. G. Merri-

The Smiths' Trip To Mexico

Yes, we've been to Mexico, have returned safe and sound, and mighty glad we went. The occasion was the forty-second annual excursion of the California Press association aboard a special train from Los Angeles to Mexico City, the party numbering 136.

We started out through miles of snow in Southern California and ended in the land of eternal flowers, the famous floating gardens of Xochimilco. Our first stop was at Nogales, Sonora, where passports were presented in blanket form like a petition, everyone's name being on the list. Sunday morning and only the postoffice and market open. Our first experience in changing money was at the post office, and the clerk was the real change artist.

At Hermosillo, state capitol, we ate our first Mexican dinner, assisted in ordering by one of the newsboys who knew a few English words. A dance was provided at the palacio and several of the state dignitaries were present and the true Mexican hospitality, which lasted throughout the trip, was first experienced. We were somewhat disappointed here in not seeing the evening promenade about the plaza, boys one way and girls the other, so that they may meet face to face. Must have called it off because of us.

At Los Mochis we spent 12 hours including a side trip to the port of Topolobampo ("the Watering place of the spotted cat.") Los Mochis boasts the largest sugar mill in the country through which the party was shown. The citizenry toured the immense valley of sugar plantations, tomato and pepper fields, carrying our party in their autos, ending up at the country club at 5 p. m. to partake of a turtle barbecue for which the chef is particularly noted. There are more varieties of choice meats in a Los Mochis turtle than in any other animal. Here I was given the one and only Ford cigar I ever saw, by Octavio Serrano, one of the biggest and best boosters down the West coast. The address of welcome was delivered by Leandro Quintero in a most delightful flow of the Mexican language, which was interpreted.

Following the big eats all went to the hotel to dance till midnight, two orchestras, no rest. To complete a happy day the friends from either side of the border began vying in community singing, and here's my hat off to them, lead by "Scotty" Stevens.

(To be Continued)

man, four guests.

After the program the guests and hostesses spent a few minutes conversing with their neighbors and discussing plans for the future meetings of their groups. The summer season of May, June and July will be the first to meet. They met this afternoon with Miss Sadie Maxson.

UNION DISTRICT

The home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Downing of Union was the scene of a lovely wedding January 25 when Miss Marjorie Miller, the daughter of Mrs. Downing, became the bride of Charles Verne Ewan of Los Angeles. About 30 guests were present to witness the happy affair. Miss Miller is a lovely singer who recently returned from the Hawaiin islands. Mr. Ewan is an aviation officer. The honeymoon will be spent in Los Angeles, but their future home will be in Hollywood.

—u—

Miss Edna L. Main of Oakland was a guest last week at a delightful bridge party given in honor of Mrs. Charles Finding Bailey, who is the granddaughter of Victor H. Metcalf, former secretary of the navy. Miss Main is the granddaughter of Mrs. Emma Main of Union.

—u—

Mrs. Leslie Don of Santa Clar, formerly of Union, spent Thursday in San Jose with friends.

—u—

Miss Jennie Cilker, sister of Mrs. Don, who recently returned from a touur of Europe, has been spending a delightful month at the Don home on Hamstead road. Many social gatherings were held in her honor. Miss Cilker will leave shortly for the Hawaiin islands and will take her new automobile with her to tour the islands.

—u—

Miss Lena Lawrence had the pleasure of a visit over the week-end from her sister, Mrs. Melville, and little daughter of San Francisco. Miss Lawrence resides at the Los Gatos-San Jose reservoir.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Rev. J. H. Bennett, Pastor

The churchfull of people who worshipped last Sunday evening, when the drama sermon, "King of Kings" was shown in still pictures, has encouraged Mr. Bennett to show next Sunday "The Ten Commandments.' This is not a moving picture but actual reproductions from the original film in beautiful colors. The sermon is in the explanation of the story. Come and see this set of slides. The opportunity should not be lost. The service of song will be cheerful.

At 11 a. m. Mr. Bennett will preach on the subject of "The Sun Shining in Zoar." Special talk to the children.

Everrett Page of Wisconsin is visiting with his mother, Mrs. Clara page, and his sister, Miss Grace Page.

A number of freinds were entertained last week by Mr. and Mrs. Horace Lea at their home for dinner. Bridge followed the meal.

The Grammar school P. T. A. will hold a card party in the grammar school cafeteria Friday, Feb. 13 at 8 o'clock.

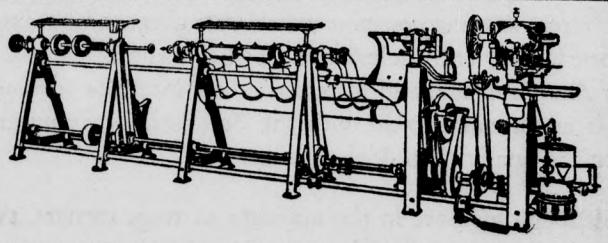
Mrs. A. L. Cilker of Union, who is a member of We and Our Neighbors club, is also a member of the Saratoga Foothill club. She is to give a series of garden talks at the Saratoga Woman's club house. She has a beautiful garden at her home on Los Gatos-San Jose highway. Mrs. Cilker has made a study of flowers and her lectures will be interesting and instructive.

—u—

Mrs. F. E. Phillips has had her niece, Mrs. Tucker of Santa Cruz, visiting her. Mrs. Tucker's little daughter accompanied her.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman Parker of Madera were visiting with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Paris Henderson a few days last week.

The L. E. Eddlemon family moved into the Henry Campbell cottage on Campbell avenue Saturday.



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PINKY DINKY *and His Gang*

By Terry Gilkison

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ALL RIGHT! COME ON DOWN HERE! FOLLOW ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I FOUND OUT THAT COLUMBUS WAS GOOD AT REMEMBERIN' THINGS!
SEE! IT SAYS,-RIGHT THERE,— THIS STATUE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!
PINKY DINKY JINGLES
MY FEET
IT ALWAYS MAKES ME LAUGH
ITS SUCH A TREAT TRYING TO RUN A MILE AND MOVING ONLY TWO FEET